

## **Smiths, The**

### **"This Night Has Opened My Eyes"**

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In a river the color of lead  
Immerse the baby's head  
Wrap her up in the News Of The World  
Dump her on a doorstep, girl  
This night has opened my eyes  
And I will never sleep again  
You kicked and cried like a bullied child  
A grown man of twenty-five  
Oh, he said he'd cure your ills  
But he didn't and he never will  
Oh, save your life  
Because you've only got one  
The dream has gone  
But the baby is real  
Oh, you did a good thing  
She could have been a poet  
Or, she could have been a fool  
Oh, you did a bad thing  
And I'm not happy  
And I'm not sad  
A shoeless child on a swing  
Reminds you of your own again  
She took away your troubles  
Oh, but then again  
She left pain  
So, please save your life  
Because you've only got one  
The dream has gone  
But the baby is real  
Oh, you did a good thing  
She could have been a poet  
Or, she could have been a fool  
Oh, you did a bad thing  
And I'm not happy  
And I'm not sad  
Oh ...  
And I'm not happy  
And I'm not sad  
Oh ...  
And I'm not happy  
And I'm not sad

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